

Robert Michie was born in Rubslaw near Aberdeen, Scotland 29 Feb. 1820. His father was a farm laborer and his mother a farm house servant so he was raised in humble circumstances. At the age of four he was sent to school and learned to read and spell. At the age of 8, for two years, he started being hired out summers to herd cows and school in the winter. It was here he first became acquainted with the milling business and liked it. He started hiring out at different farms staying several years at the same farm. He did this until he was 21. At this time he tried to get an apprenticeship as a millwright but could not find a master so found a miller who wanted an apprentice. He bound himself for 4 years for board and room and no wages. After 3 years he got an abatement and received \$150.00 a year. He did this for three years.

Robert then had a chance to emigrate to Africa or Australia. He chose Africa and sailed from London in June 1848 and landed in Cape Town. He worked as a miller but found the employer would not bide by his agreement so left. He tried tanning leather but did not like it. He then worked 3 years at a wool washing and packing shed. When the owner died, he went to farming. Robert and a partner bought and ran a farm.

About this time, he read books from Mormon Elders. He prayed and received assurance of the divinity of Joseph Smith and his work. He was baptized Dec. 1854. His partner and his wife also joined the Mormons. The neighbors began to insult them so Robert determined to come to Utah.

He first sailed to England and enroute met a fellow traveler. Through him he met his wife to be Francis Potts. Robert and Francis married March 16, 1857 and in less than two weeks sailed from Liverpool, England. It took all their money to get to Boston. They stayed in Boston 4 years where Robert worked mainly as a foreman in a salt mill. At this time they had enough money to buy supplies and equipment to cross the plains.

The men all walked, also, the woman who could. Robert told his grand-daughter he walked every step of the way from the Missouri River. When his shoes wore out, he had no more so walked 500 miles barefoot.

They lived in Malad Idaho, Nephi, Sugarhouse, Mountain Dell, Bench Creek (Woodland) and Heber City. Robert was a miller by trade so moved where he could find work. He helped build the grist mill in Kamas and Heber City. He ran the grist mill in Heber for about 8 years around 1880 to 1888. Robert and Francis had bought a farm in Bench Creek in 1876 which they returned to when new rollers were bought for the mill. Robert served as Senior President of the 20th Quorum of Seventies when in Heber. From 1893 to 1901 he was Postmaster in Woodland. He was loved and respected by all who knew him. They had ten children, six of whom grew to adulthood. In his later years Robert had a few colonies of bees, and had the hobby of making grindstones and willow baskets.

by  
Lois  
Michie  
Wahoney



I, Robert Nichie, was born at a place called Inbushlaw near Aberdeen, Scotland, 29 February, 1820. My father was a farm laborer and my mother likewise a farm house servant so I was raised in humble circumstances. At the age of four years I was sent to school and early learned to read and spell in which I took pleasure to be at the head of my class, which I nearly always kept until I was eight years old when I was hired out during the summer to herd cows from May 26 till November 22, then to school during winter until February 2d, hired out until November 22d.

It was during this term I first got acquainted with the milling business for which I had a liking, and after this term I hired out to various farms. Sometimes several years in one place mostly tending cattle, and all other kinds of work on farms until I was 21 when I began to think of what a difference there was made between the single man and those who married. When the best single man could get from 40 to 50 dollars for six months service with board and lodgings and bedding, a married man with a wife and children could not get so much for a whole year's work with 17 lbs. of oat meal a week and three pints of milk per day, and a small room with a clay floor. I had known men capable of managing any farm and doing all kinds of work who as single men had taken first prizes in the competitions at the different fairs until they were barred from competition in the different fairs, these things made me think of something else.

I first tried to get an apprenticeship as a mill wright but could not find a master and I found a miller who wanted an apprentice and got bound for four years without wages, only board and lodgings. When I had served three years I got an abatement of one year's time then I could get \$150.00 a year with board and lodging, etc. After working at that business three years I got a chance to emigrate to Africa or Australia. I chose Africa and sailed from London in June 1848 and landed in Cape Town in the latter part of August and soon got employment at my trade but found my employer would not abide by his agreement. Then I tried the tanning of leather but soon left as it was a very nasty dirty business.

I then worked at building a jetty in Table Bay. I was foreman of the loading and hauling department and the time keeper for the teamsters who hauled the materials from the foot of Table Mountain to the jetty which job I kept for three months, then I struck work because another man was doing the same kind of work and was getting his board and lodgings and washing and the same wages and when I asked for the same, an advance in wages I left the work.

I took passage to Alga Bay or Port Elizabeth, there I soon found work on a farm then to manage an establishment on a wool washing and packing shed which job lasted for three years, when the owner died and the place was sold at auction. I could not buy as I had no friend to back my bid as the merchants for whom we had worked the most had died of asthma and the business was disarranged for over a year. During that time I had entered into a partnership with an Englishman and bought a farm. We got more than we bargained for. We bought the Rinderpest and lost 23 cows and 16 oxen in less than six months, but we had learned from a German pope that by inoculating with the matter taken from a sick animal would prevent the well from taking the disease or if effective it would get well. We tried the cure and found it had the desired effect and the farmers and neighbors came and had my partner come to them and "lend their cattle" as they called it and see them through the effects of the operation. As my partner could speak the language he went and they paid him 4/6 of the cattle so we soon had quite a herd again and could trade for horses in the Karroo where the cattle could not be moved to our part as cattle cannot be moved more than 100 miles else there will be from 30 to 50 die of every 100. But it did not prove a good trade as the horses took sick of a pest that goes through that portion of South Africa every few years. They first give a cough and in a short time another harder cough and in a few hours they strangle to death. At that time the mules were free from the disease but I suppose that the same disease has taken off the zebras and quaggas as I see they are nearly extinct in Cape Colony.

About this time I met a Mormon Elder or rather their books and read them and took their advice and betook myself to prayer and got a satisfactory assurance of the divinity of the mission of Joseph Smith and his work and in 1854 in December I was bap-

tized, the same day my partner James Cook and his wife were baptized and they kept steady to the gospel while I stayed by them. At first, after being baptized, I felt like I would take a wife and settle down in that country, but soon as it was known that we had been baptized the neighbors began to sneer and make sly remarks and soon began insults and I concluded to start for Utah.

I tried to persuade Mr. Cook and family to come, but they would not but they made such arrangements so I could come and I sailed from Port Elizabeth in the end of October 1856 and I landed in London January 1857. And having accepted an order on a lawyer in Canterbury I had to go down there to collect it. I there met the woman who became my wife and the partner of my life for 47 1/2 years and we raised six children (and they are all Mormons) and we lost four in their infancy.

The foregoing is a history of the life of my grandfather, written in his own hand just before he died.

I wish to add a few things which I know about my grandfather, some were told to me by his daughter, Alice, others I heard from my father, and I heard grandfather tell some of the things himself.

When Grandfather Michie was a boy, probably in his teens, he worked on a farm near his home in Scotland evidently with another boy. They got their board, lodging and a very meager wage. They seldom got an egg to eat as they were a luxury kept for the boss and his family. Grandpa's fertile imagination figured out a solution to this problem. With a fine needle he pierced a tiny hole in the end of an egg or two and inserted a hair from a horse's mane. When the lady who cooked for the family broke an egg and discovered the hair she was thoroughly amazed. Not being able to figure out a solution as to where it came from, she removed the hair and decided such eggs would do for the hired help. Thus Grandpa and his partner in the trick had eggs to eat.

My mother said that Grandfather pulled this trick again when living in Heber and had a lot of fun watching peoples astonishment when they found a hair in an egg, and their efforts trying to solve the mystery. One of Grandpa's neighbors made this remark, "It's beyond the comprehension of man".

While in Africa or on board ship, he met a young man by the name of Thomas White. This young man had a sweetheart in England. It happened they were traveling on the same ship back to England and Mr. White invited Robert to go with him when he went to call on his sweetheart, Alice Potts, whose family lived in Canterbury. He did so and there met Alice's sister, Frances Potts, who became his wife March 16, 1857, and on March 28, 1857, they sailed from Liverpool, England for America on the ship George Washington.

I heard my grandmother say the Elder who had the saints in charge held a meeting on board ship and promised them that if they would do right and be prayerful they would have a safe and quick journey over the ocean. They made the trip in 21 days and the captain said it was the quickest trip the old ship had ever made and he had traveled the ocean for years. The usual time required for those old sailing vessels was six weeks, some required eight weeks. This was a testimony to all the saints. Grandmother also said she was sick the whole of the way. How thankful they were to get to land. They arrived in Boston April 20, 1857, where all were required to pay a certain sum which left grandfather practically penniless. However, he was able to get employment, the most important was as a foreman in a salt mill which hired quite a group of girls.

In the fall of 1858 their first baby was born, a girl whom they named Agnes Catherine Harriett. Another little girl was born two years later whom they named Eliza Ann Helena. They stayed in Boston about four years and by that time had saved enough so they could buy supplies and equipment to make the trip across the plains and come to Utah.

The men all walked and drove the oxen and the women who were able walked too. Because of improper food little Eliza Ann Helena became ill and died, 26 August 1861, and was buried somewhere on the Sweetwater. Grandpa made a little casket for her out of part of his wagon box. Short grave-side services were held as the caravan had to go on. Grandpa stayed behind to carry rocks and pile them on the grave to keep the wolves from digging up the body. He didn't get into camp until one o'clock in the morning. They arrived in Salt Lake City in the fall of 1861, sometime in September or October.

I heard Grandpa say he walked every step of the way from the Missouri river to Salt Lake City, 500 miles barefooted. When his shoes wore out there were no more to be had. This little poem fits his trip very well.

My boy, I walked across the plains  
Where now the cars rush by;  
I walked across the barren plains,  
Where now the airplanes fly.

You cannot know how far it is,  
With hills and deserts whirling past,  
My steps have measured every rod,  
My body bedded on the sod.

You cannot know how far it is,  
You hear the throbbing motor's sound,  
I've listened to the throbbing cart wheel's creak  
The tramp and tramp of bandaged feet!

I know how far it is!

A few weeks after arriving in Salt Lake City their third child and first son, Robert Moroni, my father, was born. Soon after they lived in Malad, Idaho for a time and then moved to Nephi, Utah where two more children, Harriet Frances and Alice Matilda, were born. After living a few years in Nephi grandfather returned to Sugar House to run a flour mill and salt refinery. Here three more children were born, John Thomas, Mary Ellen and Della. They lived for a time at Mountain Dell, a place near Parley's Canyon, and there their son William George was born. Their last child, Christina, was born at Woodland, Utah, where they later moved.

Grandfather was a miller by trade and moved to all these different places in order to find work. He lived in Heber, Wasatch County for several years and run a flour mill there. For a time he farmed on Bench Creek and this story was told while he was living there.

During the summer time the settlers turned their horses and cows out to graze on the nearby hills and mountains. One

time grandpa was out looking for his horses in these mountains. He was following a sort of trail up over a ridge. When he reached the top he stopped dead still. Only a short distance ahead of him there stood a large black bear staring him in the face. The bear was just as surprised and shocked as he was. For a few seconds neither made a move. Finally grandpa said, "Hello, Mr. Bear, what are you doing there? If you'll let me alone I'll let you alone". At this the bear whirled and bounded off into the near by timber.

Grandpa returned to Woodland and took up a homestead there and farmed the latter part of his life. He built a nice home and when too old to farm he still raised a nice garden with currants, gooseberries, strawberries and raspberries. He also kept several colonies of bees and supplied all his married children and their families with honey. As a hobby grandpa made grindstones and willow baskets. I remember my mother had a nice clothes basket and an egg basket that he had made. Grandpa also had a blacksmith shop and did his own blacksmithing, also did it for others too.

Robert Michie had a good education for his time. He wrote a good hand and served as ward clerk on several occasions. In Woodland he had charge of the tithing barn when people used to pay their tithing with farm products instead of money. He was a faithful Latter-day Saint, always kept the word of wisdom and always had family prayer in his home. He never swore as many others sometimes did. One thing he used to say while praying was this, "Help us always to remain steadfast to the truth".

Grandpa was ordained a Seventy the 19 February 1886 by B. Riches and while in Heber was Senior President of the 20th Quorum of Seventies. He was a High Priest when he died. He was postmaster in Woodland, Utah from 1893 to 1901. He was loved and respected by all who knew him.

Robert Michie died April 20, 1909 at Woodland, Utah and was buried in the Heber City cemetery beside his wife who preceded him in death several years.

(Part of this history was written by Hilda Michie)



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It was during this term I first got acquainted with the milling business for which I had a liking, and after this term I hired out to various farms. Sometimes several years in one place mostly tending cattle, and all other kinds of work on farms until I was 21 when I began to think of what a difference there was made between the single man and those who married. When the best single man could get from 40 to 50 dollars for six months service with board and lodgings and bedding, a married man with a wife and children could not get so much for a whole year's work with 172 lbs. of oat meal a week and three pints of milk per day, and a small room with a clay floor. I had known men capable of managing any farm and doing all kinds of work who as single men had taken first prizes in the competitions at the different fairs until they were barred from competition in the different fairs, these things made me think of something else.

I first tried to get an apprenticeship as a mill wright but could not find a master and I found a miller who wanted an apprentice and got bound for four years without wages, only board and lodgings. When I had served three years I got an abatement of one year's time then I could get \$150.00 a year with board and lodging, etc. After working at that business three years I got a chance to emigrate to Africa or Australia. I chose Africa and sailed from London in June 1848 and landed in Cape Town in the latter part of August and soon got employment at my trade but found my employer would not abide by his agreement. Then I tried the tanning of leather but soon left as it was a very nasty and uninteresting business.

I then worked at building a jetty in Table Bay. I was foreman of the loading and hauling department and the time keeper for the teamsters who hauled the materials from the foot of Table Mountain to the jetty which job I kept for three months, then I struck work because another man was doing the same kind of work and was getting his board and lodgings and washing and the same wages and when I asked for the same, an advance in wages I left the work.

I took passage to Alguia Bay or Port Elizabeth, there I soon found work on a farm then to manage an establishment on a wool washing and packing shed which job lasted for three years, when the owner died and the place was sold at auction. I could not buy as I had no friend to back my bid as the merchants for whom we had worked the most had died of asthma and the business was disarranged for over a year. During that time I had entered into a partnership with an Englishman and bought a farm. We got more than we bargained for. We bought the Rinderpest and lost 23 cows and 16 oxen in less than six months, but we had learned from a German pope that by inoculating with the matter taken from a sick animal would prevent the well from taking the disease or if effective it would get well. We tried the cure and found it had the desired effect and the farmers and neighbors came and had my partner come to them and "lend their cattle" as they called it and see them through the effects of the operation. As my partner could speak the language he went and they paid him 4/3 of the cattle so we soon had quite a herd again and could trade for horses in the Karroo where the cattle could not be moved to our part as cattle cannot be moved more than 100 miles else there will be from 30 to 50 die of every 100. But it did not prove a good trade as the horses took sick of a pest that goes through that portion of South Africa every few years. They first give a cough and in a short time another harder cough and in a few hours they strangle to death. At that time the mules were free from the disease but I suppose that the same disease has taken off the zebras and quaggas as I see they are nearly extinct in Cape Colony.

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A SHORT BIOGRAPHY WRITTEN BY ROBERT MICHIE



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When Grandfather Michie was a boy, probably in his teens, he worked on a farm near his home in Scotland evidently with another boy. They got their board, lodging and a very meager wage. They seldom got an egg to eat as they were a luxury kept for the boss and his family. Grandpa's fertile imagination figured out a solution to this problem. With a fine needle he pierced a tiny hole in the end of an egg or two and inserted a hair from a horse's mane. When the lady who cooked for the family broke an egg and discovered the hair she was thoroughly amazed. Not being able to figure out a solution as to where it came from, she removed the hair and decided such eggs would do for the hired help. Thus Grandpa and his partner in the trick had eggs to eat.

My mother said that Grandfather pulled this trick again when living in Heber and had a lot of fun watching peoples astonishment when they found a hair in an egg, and their efforts trying to solve the mystery. One of Grandpa's neighbors made this remark, "It's beyond the comprehension of man".

While in Africa or on board ship, he met a young man by the name of Thomas White. This young man had a sweetheart in England. It happened they were traveling on the same ship back to England and Mr. White invited Robert to go with him when he went to call on his sweetheart, Alice Potts, whose family lived in Canterbury. He did so and there met Alice's sister, Frances Potts, who became his wife March 16, 1857, and on March 28, 1857, they sailed from Liverpool, England for America on the ship George Washington.

I heard my grandmother say the Elder who had the saints in charge held a meeting on board ship and promised them that if they would do right and be prayerful they would have a safe and quick journey over the ocean. They made the trip in 21 days and the captain said it was the quickest trip the old ship had ever made and he had traveled the ocean for years. The usual time required for those old sailing vessels was six weeks, some required eight weeks. This was a testimony to all the saints. Grandmother also said she was sick the whole of the way. How thankful they were to get to land. They arrived in Boston April 20, 1857, where all were required to pay a certain sum which left grandfather practically penniless. However, he was able to get employment, the most important was as a foreman in a salt mill which hired quite a group of girls.

In the fall of 1858 their first baby was born, a girl whom they named Agnes Catherine Harriett. Another little girl was born two years later whom they named Eliza Ann Helena. They stayed in Foston about four years and by that time had saved enough so they could buy supplies and equipment to make the trip across the plains and come to Utah.

The men all walked and drove the oxen and the women who were able walked too. Because of improper food little Eliza Ann Helena became ill and died, 26 August 1861, and was buried somewhere on the Sweetwater. Grandpa made a little casket for her out of part of his wagon box. Short grave-side services were held as the caravan had to go on. Grandpa stayed behind to carry rocks and pile them on the grave to keep the wolves from digging up the body. He didn't get into camp until one o'clock in the morning. They arrived in Salt Lake City in the fall of 1861, sometime in September or October.

I heard Grandpa say he walked every step of the way from the Missouri river to Salt Lake City, 500 miles barefooted. When his shoes wore out there were no more to be had. This little poem fits his trip very well.

My boy, I walked across the plains  
Where now the cars rush by;  
I walked across the barren plains,  
Where now the airplanes fly.

You cannot know how far it is,  
With hills and deserts whirling past,  
My steps have measured every rod,  
My body bedded on the sod.

You cannot know how far it is,  
You hear the throbbing motor's sound,  
I've listened to the throbbing cart wheel's creak  
The tramp and tramp of bandaged feet!

I know how far it is!

A few weeks after arriving in Salt Lake City their third child and first son, Robert Moroni, my father, was born. Soon after they lived in Malad, Idaho for a time and then moved to Nephi, Utah where two more children, Harriet Frances and Alice Matilda, were born. After living a few years in Nephi grandfather returned to Sugar House to run a flour mill and salt refinery. Here three more children were born, John Thomas, Mary Ellen and Della. They lived for a time at Mountain Dell, a place near Parley's Canyon, and there their son William George was born. Their last child, Christina, was born at Woodland, Utah, where they later moved.

Grandfather was a miller by trade and moved to all these different places in order to find work. He lived in Heber, Wasatch County for several years and run a flour mill there. For a time he farmed on Bench Creek and this story was told while he was living there.

During the summer time the settlers turned their horses and cows out to graze on the nearby hills and mountains. One

time grandpa was out looking for his horses in these mountains. He was following a sort of trail up over a ridge. When he reached the top he stopped dead still. Only a short distance ahead of him there stood a large black bear staring him in the face. The bear was just as surprised and shocked as he was. For a few seconds neither made a move. Finally grandpa said, "Hello, Mr. Bear, what are you doing there? If you'll let me alone I'll let you alone". At this the bear whirled and bounded off into the near by timber.

Grandpa returned to Woodland and took up a homestead there and farmed the latter part of his life. He built a nice home and when too old to farm he still raised a nice garden with currants, gooseberries, strawberries and raspberries. He also kept several colonies of bees and supplied all his married children and their families with honey. As a hobby grandpa made grindstones and willow baskets. I remember my mother had a nice clothes basket and an egg basket that he had made. Grandpa also had a blacksmith shop and did his own blacksmithing, also did it for others too.

Robert Michie had a good education for his time. He wrote a good hand and served as ward clerk on several occasions. In Woodland he had charge of the tithing barn when people used to pay their tithing with farm products instead of money. He was a faithful latter-day Saint, always kept the word of wisdom and always had family prayer in his home. He never swore as many others sometimes did. One thing he used to say while praying was this, "Help us always to remain steadfast to the truth".

Grandpa was ordained a Seventy the 19 February 1886 by B. Riches and while in Heber was Senior President of the 20th Quorum of Seventies. He was a High Priest when he died. He was postmaster in Woodland, Utah from 1893 to 1901. He was loved and respected by all who knew him.

Robert Michie died April 20, 1909 at Woodland, Utah and was buried in the Heber City cemetery beside his wife who preceded him in death several years.

(Part of this history was written by Hilda Michie)